

# Handel & Haydn

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Theatre Concerts '77

# Handel & Haydn Society

Thomas Dunn, Music Director  
Gary Wedow, Assistant Conductor

March 25, 1977 • Jordan Hall • 8:30 pm

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Handel and Haydn Society  
25 Huntington Avenue, Suite 410  
Boston, Massachusetts 02116

HENRY PURCELL    The Conjuror's Song (The Indian Queen)  
                         Upon a Quiet Conscience  
                         The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation  
  
                         *Miss Wallace, Mr. Evitts, Mr. Widow*

FRANCIS POULENC    **Quatre motets pour un temps de pénitence**  
                         Timor et tremor  
                         Vineam meam electam  
                         Tenebrae factae sunt  
                         Tristis est anima mea  
  
                         *The Chorus of the Society*

INTERMISSION

DANIEL PINKHAM    **Garden Party**  
                         Scene 1—The Garden of Eden, long ago  
                         Scene 2—A month later. Under the apple tree in the middle of the Garden  
                         Scene 3—Later the same day  
                         Scene 4—Outside the gates of Eden  
  
                         *World Premiere—Commissioned by the Society*

**IN MEMORIAM E. POWER BIGGS (1906-1977)**

# Dramatis Personae

|                 |  |
|-----------------|--|
| ADAM            | David Evitts   |
| EVE             | Barbara Wallace  |
| GABRIEL         | Keith Kibler   |
| SNAKE           | Wayne Rivera   |
| CELESTIAL CHOIR | William Thorpe, Richard Houston, Walter Norden, Peter Gibson |
| DEUS EX MACHINA | William Cavness  |
| CHORUS          | The Handel and Haydn Society                                 |
| CLARINET        | Ian Greitzer   |
| VIOLA           | Endel Kalam  |
| DOUBLE BASS     | Anthony Beadle   |
| KEYBOARDS       | Gary Wedow   |
| PERCUSSION      | Fred Buda  |
| STAGE DIRECTOR  | Tony Quintavalla   |
| LIGHTING        | D. Abbott Chrisman   |
| STAGE MANAGER   | H. Ronald Nelson   |
| CONDUCTOR       | Thomas Dunn  |

# Artists

**Thomas Dunn** was born in Aberdeen, South Dakota, and reared in Baltimore, where his virtuosity as a keyboard player was demonstrated at an early age. He was educated at Johns Hopkins University, the Peabody Conservatory of Music, and Harvard. As a Fulbright Scholar at the Royal Conservatory in Amsterdam, he became the first American to receive the Netherlands' highest award in music, the Diploma in Orchestral Conducting. As conductor of the New York Festival Orchestra and Chorus he attracted national recognition and critical acclaim for his originality in program-making, informed musicianship, and high standards of performance. A scholar and acknowledged authority on performance practices of the Baroque, he has held faculty appointments at several colleges and universities, and is in demand as a guest lecturer and conductor at festivals, colleges, and organizations throughout the country. He is presently Visiting Professor of Conducting and Director of Choral Activities at Ithaca College, New York. This, the Handel and Haydn Society's 162nd Season of Musical Events, marks Mr. Dunn's tenth year as Music Director and Conductor of the Society.

**David Evitts**, baritone, is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music and a winner of the Metropolitan Opera

Auditions. He has performed with major orchestras in Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, and Los Angeles with Seiji Ozawa, Leonard Bernstein, Michael Tilson Thomas, and Neville Marriner. Following appearances with the Opera Company of Boston, Philadelphia Grand Opera, and Opera New England, Mr. Evitts was invited to record Donizetti's *Il Campanello* with Radio France in Paris. While in France he coached with Pierre Bernac. Mr. Evitts has also recorded *Oedipus Rex* with the Boston Symphony under Leonard Bernstein for Columbia Records. He was recently heard in the New York premiere of Dvorak's cantata *The American Flag* at Carnegie Hall.

**Barbara Wallace**, soprano. A native of Massachusetts, Ms. Wallace has performed with every important musical organization in and around New England, as well as with the New York Festival Orchestra and the Portland, Rhode Island, and Detroit Symphonies. Ms. Wallace is a member of the voice faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music, her alma mater. She is currently soprano soloist at King's Chapel in Boston. The parents of five children, Barbara and her husband Charles own and operate the historic Fitzwilliam Inn in Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire.

**Keith Kibler**, a graduate of Union College and the New England Conservatory, has appeared with the Boston Chamber Soloists and the Wolf Trap, Lake George, and St. Louis Opera Companies. This past summer he appeared opposite Beverly Sills in *La Traviata* on Public Television.

**Wayne Rivera**, a graduate of Indiana University and the New England Conservatory, has been a member of the Metropolitan Opera Studio, the Boston Opera, the Cambridge Opera, the New England Chamber Opera Group, and the Associate Artists Opera. He has appeared with the Boston, San Antonio, Indianapolis, Connecticut, and National Symphony Orchestras, as well as the Boston Ballet and the Handel and Haydn Society. As a soloist at King's Chapel, he has worked closely with composer Daniel Pinkham.



# Notes

## PURCELL

### *The Conjuror's Song (The Indian Queen)*

#### *Upon a Quiet Conscience*

#### *The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation*

Henry Purcell (1659-1695) enjoyed that early rise to prominence and that precocious development of talent which Fate permits to those whom it intends to cut down early in the course of their years. His father, a singer in the Chapel Royal, was undoubtedly influential in securing his son a place as a choirboy in that establishment. Young Purcell's gifts must have been noticed, for when his voice broke he was kept on in the royal establishment and charged with the duties of apprentice "keeper, maker, mender, repayer and tuner of the regalls, organs, virginalls, flutes and recorders and all other kinds of wind instruments whatsoever." This may seem like a fairly menial job, but in 1677 he was appointed composer in ordinary to the twenty-four violins of the king and, two years after that, organist of Westminster Abbey. The amazing four-part fantasias for strings were written in 1680: the emergence of a "very great Master of Musick" had begun.

Purcell had a reputation as a song writer from his late teens. Playwrights sought him out for songs, dances and instrumental music. His involvement with the theater was lifelong but

it intensified during the last five years of his life. After *Dido and Aeneas* (1689) he undertook a series of ambitious stage works which, for want of a more exact term, may be called operas. They are richly endowed with music, yet are at the same time self-contained spoken plays often calling for elaborate stage machinery.

English opera in Purcell's time had not fallen entirely under the sway of Italian taste as it was to do in the early eighteenth century, but the prestige of Italian music was clearly in the ascendancy. Purcell's preface to his *Sonatas of III Parts* (1683) makes it clear that he "faithfully endeavour'd a just imitation of the most fam'd Italian Masters; principally, to bring the seriousness and gravity of that sort of Musick into vogue, and reputation among our Country-men, whose humor, 'tis time now, should begin to loath the levity, and balladry of our neighbors." (The reference to the "neighbors" is a jab at the French.) The same sentiments, ghost-written by John Dryden, were prefixed to the score of Purcell's *Dioclesian* published in 1691. What he recommended for English music in general, the emulation of Italianate idioms, Purcell carried out in his own vocal and instrumental music.

The song "Ye twice ten-hundred deities," sung by the conjurer Ismeron in act III of *The Indian Queen*, enjoyed an immense popularity in the early eighteenth century. It was printed in

the posthumous collection of Purcell's songs, *Orpheus Britannicus* (1698), and reprinted frequently thereafter. When the heroic play *The Indian Queen* by Sir Robert Howard and John Dryden was revived in 1695, thirty years after its original production, Purcell furnished it with incidental songs, ceremonial music, and a masque. This play was the prototype of the Restoration heroic tragedy which aimed at an elevated grandeur of character and language. It boasted sumptuous scenery, exotic locales, episodes of the supernatural, and dazzling stage machinery. A conjuring scene, of which Ismeron's song is the centerpiece, was almost a stock event in the genre. Ismeron has been roused from sleep to interpret the disquieting dream of Zempoalla, the Indian queen who has usurped the throne of Mexico. For assistance he summons the God of Dreams who, being unwilling to reveal the workings of Fate, can offer no help. The text of the conjuring song, "Ye twice ten-hundred deities," is crammed with imagery encouraging an extravagant musical setting. Its title refers to the 2,000 gods reputed to be worshipped by the Mexicans.

Purcell died before the full flowering of Italian baroque instrumental music, but he and his progressive countrymen were well informed about seventeenth-century Italian music. Italian songs were copied into English manuscripts and the *stile recitativo* appears in the works of Nicholas Lanier during the first quarter of the century. Purcell may have been confirmed in

his tastes and offered musical models by Pelham Humfrey, a composer sponsored on a European study tour by Charles II. *The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation* ("Tell me, some pitying angel") is just that sensuous treatment of a religious subject which we expect from southern climes. Formally, it resembles the Italian chamber cantata with contrasting exclamatory and lyrical passages, some of the latter being quite florid. In spirit it comes closer to the complaint of a lover than to the lament of the *mater dolorosa* grieving for her son lost on the family's Passover visit to Jerusalem:

Why, fairest object of my love,

Why dost thou from my longing eyes  
remove?

The text was written by Nahum Tate, librettist of *Dido and Aeneas*, based on the episode reported in the second chapter of Luke's gospel.

*The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation* occupies five pages in the second edition of Playford's *Harmonia Sacra, or Divine Hymns and Dialogues... Composed by the Best Masters of the last and Present Age. The Words by several Learned and Pious Persons* (1693). The same publication contains Purcell's famous evening Hymn, "Now that the Sun," and the dramatic scena, *Saul and the Witch of Endor*. The *Expostulation* is also comparable to a scene from an opera, the free succession of moods corresponding to the changes in musical expression. Purcell's recitative style, rhythmically "mannered" though it may seem at

first, underlies his affective communication of the text, adding "new wings to all the flights of poetry" (Davenant). Its look on the page is both exciting and original: one is not deceived in one's expectations.

The duet "Close thine eyes" (Upon a Quiet Conscience) appeared in the first edition of *Harmonia Sacra* (1688). Its text is there attributed to Charles I—an understandable confusion with the name of its actual author, Francis Quarles (1592-1644). The intricate rhythmic tracery of its vocal lines is the natural outcome of Purcell's wonderful flexibility in setting the English language. A straightforward continuo bass provides a calming, neutral background.

Purcell's contemporaries recognized his dramatic talent, but a hospitable format for its fullest expression was not present in the contemporary musical scene. Had he been accorded a full span of years and had he lived to greet Handel when he emigrated to England, the future of English dramatic music would have taken quite a different turn. On the other hand, if Purcell had come to artistic maturity during the Commonwealth (1640-1669), some of his best efforts would have been stifled. We had best be grateful that this "very great Master of Musick" lived his meteoric career when he did and left behind so many musical treasures.

—Joseph Dyer

## POULENC

### *Quatre motets pour un temps de pénitence*

Although Francis Poulenc (1899-1963) is not known primarily as a composer of sacred music, he has written not one but a whole series of works in this vein. Although urbane sophistication seemed to be Poulenc's strong suit in his late teens and twenties, the "new music-hall esthetic" of Les Six was too cramped for the full expression of his gifts. He was not the product of a potentially inhibiting conservatory training. He studied for a few years with Charles Koechlin who, though not an erudite theoretician, taught on the basis of actual musical models—not abstract rules. Poulenc's piano teacher Ricardo Vines was an intimate of the representatives of the new wave in French music and could introduce his gifted pupil in congenial circles.

Poulenc lost his father while he was still quite young, and his mother's indifference toward religion did not tend to foster religious sentiments in her son. Not until his mid-thirties, when already established as a song composer, did Poulenc set his first religious text in the *Litanies à la vierge noire* (1936). This was followed by two a cappella works to liturgical texts: the *Mass in G* and this evening's *Quatre motets pour un temps de pénitence* (1938-39). Ten years later Poulenc gave the world his *Stabat Mater* for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra. Other sacred works appeared at



intervals until his death in 1963. In Poulenc both the "monk and the bounder"—as he himself described the warring factions of his nature—were fully mature and productive.

Poulenc selected only Latin texts for his sacred music. In his songs to French texts flawless declamation is the rule, but the Latin of his sacred works has some curious accentuations—almost as if the words were being pronounced *a la française*. Poulenc could never have been careless about how the text was to be fitted to the rhythm and melody. In his choral music, as in the songs, melody is the controlling factor. Contrapuntal textures, though traditional in religious contexts, were uncongenial to him and play little part in his sacred music.

The texts of the *Quatre motets pour un temps de pénitence* were chosen by the composer from the Office responsories of Holy Week. They are not a unified series like the Ordinary of the Mass, however. Poulenc returned to the Holy Week liturgy for the *Sept Repons de Tenebres* (1961) written for the opening of Lincoln Center. Only the text of the responsory *Tenebrae* is set in both the *Motets* and the *Repons*. The passiontide texts lent themselves to highly individual and dramatic musical interpretations, although Poulenc generally respects the text repetition (Ax—B—x) required by the liturgy. He depends on effective declamation rather than on artificially induced hysteria. This reticence, together with some especially

haunting melodic moments, makes the experience all the more intense: exaltation without inflated pomposity.

Shortly after Poulenc's death Ned Rorem, voiced his impression that Poulenc "was never concerned with poetry's meaning beyond its musical possibilities." Though Poulenc did indeed take advantage of the musical possibilities of the text in the *Motets*, it seems incredible that, in view of the profound impression they make, he was not himself stirred by what he was writing. Comparisons with the *Tenebrae* responsories of Victoria are not particularly relevant, for the motets are less derivative than some other works of Poulenc.

Poulenc's dependence on instinct and aural experience, as stressed by one critic who knew the composer, worked to his advantage in the choral works. The choral sonorities are attractive: full without being turgid and unhackneyed without being contrived. The vocal spacings create interesting effects of which the most striking is perhaps the octave doubling of a melodic line against the other parts in harmony. "Haunting" is the only word suitable to the beginning of *Vinea*, a tender reproach among the grief, terror, and resignation of the other motets. These motets can be described as Poulenc's biographer Henri Hell described his sacred music in general: "the expression of an art intensely human."

—Joseph Dyer

## PINKHAM *Garden Party*

The libretto of *Garden Party* is based on the most eminent sources, ancient and modern. Genesis 2 and 3, of course, give only the bare outline of the story, but later authors have supplied and illuminated the details.

Saki (H. H. Munro) was the first definitely to establish that the archangel Gabriel was present in the Garden of Eden. Mark Twain, in his capacity as editor, revealed Adam's hitherto unrecognized literary talents in preparing his diary for publication. Both John Milton and Julia Child have given their private but divergent views on the role of the apple in contemporary society. Mrs. M. A. Kidder, sometime librettist for Stephen Foster (and here librettist for the Celestial Choir), has provided the first half of the splendidly moral poem *Read the Bible*. Norma Farber, my friend, neighbor and colleague for many years, has graciously permitted me to set her sonnets *Tree of Blame* and *While Eve*, which are sung by the chorus in the third scene, and which provide, in an exact reversal of Shakespeare's practice, a welcome interlude of "serious relief" before the levity of the finale. *Tree of Blame* I find particularly arresting for its reference to the mediaeval legend that the apple tree later became the wood of the cross.

—Daniel Pinkham



# Texts

## THE CONJURERS SONG

In the third act of *The Indian Queen*

You twice Ten Hundred Deities,  
To whom we daily sacrifice;  
You Pow'rs that dwell with Fate below,  
And see what men are doom'd to do;  
Where Elements in discord dwell,  
Thou God of Sleep, arise and tell;  
Great ZEMPOALLA what strange Fate  
Must on her dismal Vision wait.

By the croaking of the Toad,  
In their Caves that make abroad,  
Earthy Dun that pants for breath,  
With her swell'd sides full of death;  
By the Crested Adders Pride,  
That along the Clifts do glide,  
By thy visage fierce and black,  
By thy Death's-head on thy back;  
By thy twisted serpents plac'd,  
For a Girdle round thy Waste;  
By the Hearts of Gold that deck  
Thy Brest, thy shoulders and thy neck;  
From thy sleeping mansion rise  
And open thy unwilling Eyes.  
While bubbling Springs their Musick keep  
That use to lull thee in thy sleep.

—Sir Robert Howard and John Dryden

**CLOSE THINE EYES**  
**Upon a Quiet Conscience**

Close thine eyes and sleep secure;  
Thy soul is safe, thy body sure;  
He that guards thee, he that keeps,  
Never slumbers, never sleeps.  
A quiet conscience in a quiet breast  
Has only peace, has only rest:  
The music and the mirth of kings  
Are out of tune unless she sings;  
Then close thine eyes in peace, and rest secure,  
No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure.

—Francis Quarles

**TELL ME, SOME PITIYING ANGEL**  
**The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation; when our Saviour**  
**(at twelve years of age) had withdrawn himself**

Tell me, some pitying angel, quickly say,  
Where does my soul's sweet darling stay,  
In tiger's, or more cruel Herod's way?  
O! rather let his tender footsteps press  
Unguarded through the wilderness,  
Where milder savages resort:  
The desert's safer than a tyrant's court.  
Why, fairest object of my love,  
Why dost thou from my longing eyes remove?  
Was it a waking dream that did foretell  
Thy wondrous birth? no vision from above?  
Where's Gabriel now that visited my cell?  
I call; he comes not; flatt'ring hopes, farewell.  
Me Judah's daughters once caress'd,  
Call'd me of mothers the most bless'd;  
Now (fatal change!) of mothers most distress'd.  
How shall my soul its motions guide,  
How shall I stem the various tide,  
Whilst faith and doubt my lab'ring thoughts divide?  
For whilst of thy dear sight I am beguil'd,  
I trust the God, but oh! I fear the child.

—Nahum Tate

## QUATRE MOTETS POUR UN TEMPS DE PENITENCE

### Timor

**R.** Timor et tremor venerunt  
super me, et caligo cecidit  
super me. \* Miserere mei,  
Domine, miserere, quoniam in te  
confidit anima mea.  
**V.** Exaudi, Deus, deprecationem  
meam, quia refugium meum  
es tu, et adjutor fortis. Domine,  
invocavi te, non confundar.

### Vinea mea

**R.** Vinea mea, electa, ego te  
plantavi: \* Quomodo conversa es  
in amaritudinem, ut me  
crucifigeres, et Barabbam  
dimitteres?  
**V.** Sepivi te, et lapides elegi  
ex te, et aedificavi turrim.

### Tenebrae

**R.** Tenebrae factae sunt, dum  
crucifixissent Jesum Judaei:  
et circa horam nonam exclamavit  
Jesus voce magna: Deus meus,  
ut quid me dereliquisti? \* Et  
inclinato capite, emisit spiritum.  
**V.** Exclamans Jesus voce magna,  
ait: Pater, in manus tuas  
commendo spiritum meum.

**R.** Fear and trembling are come  
upon me, and darkness fell  
upon me. \* Have mercy upon me,  
O Lord, have mercy upon me, for my  
soul trusteth in thee.  
**V.** Hear my prayer, O God, for thou  
art my refuge and my  
strong helper. I called upon thee;  
O Lord, let me never be confounded.

**R.** O my chosen vine, I planted  
thee: \* How art thou turned  
to bitterness, that thou shouldst  
crucify me and release  
Barabbas?  
**V.** I fenced thee and gathered the stones  
from thee and built a tower.

**R.** Darkness had fallen when they  
crucified Jesus:  
and about the ninth hour Jesus cried  
with a loud voice: My God,  
why hast thou forsaken me? \* And  
he bowed his head and gave up the ghost.  
**V.** When Jesus had cried with a loud  
voice, he said: Father, into thy hands  
I commend my spirit.

### Tristis est

**R.** Tristis est anima mea usque ad  
mortem: sustinete hic, et vigilate  
mecum: nunc videbitis turbam,  
quae circumdabit me: \* Vos  
fugam capietis, et ego vadam  
immolari pro vobis.  
**V.** Ecce appropinquat hora, et  
Filius hominis tradetur in manus  
peccatorum.

**R.** My soul is sorrowful, even unto  
death. Stay here and watch  
with me: You will see a crowd  
round about me: \* and you will  
flee, for I go to be  
sacrificed for you.  
**V.** Behold, the hour cometh when  
the Son of man shall be delivered up into  
the hands of sinners.



## GARDEN PARTY

### Scene 1

**CHORUS** When God the Lord had heaven made  
and likewise formed the earth,  
in his own image did create  
a man of sin-free birth.  
In Eden's garden God did place  
his Adam thence to tend  
the wond'rous trees which grew there tall  
magnificent and end-  
less in supply of fruit. But one,  
the fairest, God denied.  
Next to the tree of life it stood,  
the tree of knowledge. Sigh'd  
then Adam, "Knowing good and e-  
vil is for me not part  
of God's design. Content I'll keep  
his charge within my heart."

**ADAM** Good morning, Gabriel.

**GABRIEL** Good morning, Adam. Who's winning?

**ADAM** I don't have knowledge so I'm not sure. But at  
least it gives me something to do. But what do  
you have there?

**GABRIEL** God said you looked as though you'd like  
something constructive to do. He thought that  
you might like to give names this morning to all  
the living creatures: names to the cattle, to the  
birds of heaven and names to every wild  
animal.

**ADAM** Thank you, Gabriel. My, what pretty pictures  
in full living-color!

A is for ape, up in the tree.

B is for bobolink, meadow-bird free.

C is for cat, stalking a bird.

D is for dinosaur, gone without word.

E is for eel, shocking his prey.

F is for firefly, lighting the way.

G is for goat, Capricorn sign.

H is for halibut. Bring on white wine!

I is for itch, mite under skin.

J is for jacana, wading-bird thin.

K is for kite, narrow of wing.

L is for lioness, wife of the king.

M is for mole, lives in the dark.

N is for Newfoundland, noisy his bark.

O is for owl, turning his head.

P is for pachyderm, hide thick as lead.

Q is for quail, delicious to eat.

R is for rainbow trout, also a treat.

S is for skunk. Odor avoid!

T is for tanager. Scarlet's his pride.

U is for unicorn, mythical beast.

V is for vampire. Blood is his feast.

W, wasp. Shun his abode!

X is for xenopus, webbed-footed toad.

Y is for yak, covered with hair.

Z is for zebra. Stripes doth he wear.

Well, it's done—and they're all named! But  
even without knowledge I could see there are  
two of every kind, male and female, while I am  
the only one of my species here in Eden.

**GABRIEL** I bring you glad tidings from on high, Adam!  
God has decided that it's not good for you to be  
alone and he is going to provide a partner for  
you. Just lie down over here and take this pill.

**CHORUS** Sleep, Adam, sleep,  
and God will take  
a rib.  
And when you wake  
from slumber deep  
you'll have a wife  
to comfort you.  
For she,  
this creature new,  
will share your life.

Sleep, Adam, sleep,  
and do not stir  
or turn  
while God makes her  
for you to keep.  
She'll share your worse  
and better times  
and will  
inspire the rhymes  
of poets' verse.

**ADAM** My Eve!

**EVE** My Adam!

**ADAM** Now this, at last—  
bone from my bones,  
flesh from my flesh!—  
this shall be called woman,  
for from man was this taken.

What games can you play?

**EVE** Why, Adam!

**ADAM** Come, I'll teach you what each card means.

Two, three, four, five, six, sev'n,  
eight, nine, ten,—no elev'n,  
but portraits in this stack  
of king and queen and jack  
each with his mirrored face.  
And then there comes the ace.

Club, diamond, and spade  
and heart are here arrayed  
in colors red and black.  
You see them in this pack  
all shining, new and clean,  
in every suit thirteen.

So take one card, dear Eve.  
The others you may leave  
and then I'll draw one too,  
and read my fortune true.  
And thus throughout the day  
we'll while our time away.

**EVE** What means this card, my dear?  
The Queen of Spades I fear  
portends some evil fate  
and hence from Eden's gate  
for something we'll have done  
we'll surely have to run.

**ADAM** No harm will e'er befall.  
Avoid the fruit tree tall  
and ne'er from it partake

no matter what the snake  
may urge. Remember clearly  
this and never fear.

**ADAM AND EVE** No matter what betide  
I'll be here by your side  
**ADAM** to cherish you alway,  
**EVE** to honor and obey.  
**ADAM AND EVE** Each day throughout our life  
we'll live as man and wife.

**ADAM** Well, if I'm to be the breadwinner I'd better  
leave for work. Be a good housewife. See you  
later, Eve.

**EVE** Goodbye, Adam. And I should pick at least  
some fruit today.

**CHORUS** How beautiful the garden!—  
warm the days,  
cool the nights.  
What peace is here!

The trees grow tall in Eden—  
sweet their fruit,  
soft their shade,  
their perfumes rare.

But now appears the serpent—  
craft his trade,  
sly his talk  
beguiling Eve.

Of Eve he now grows jealous  
for he sees  
he to her  
has Adam lost.



## Scene 2

**SNAKE** Good morning, Eve.

**EVE** What do you mean by that, Snake, "Good morning"? Every morning is a good morning in the garden.

**SNAKE** A most appalling consistency. I, for one, would welcome a little change. And speaking of change—I say, Eve, is it still true that God has forbidden you to eat from any tree in the garden?

**EVE** There you go again! You know very well we may eat the fruit of any tree in the garden, except for the tree right here in the middle. God has forbidden us either to eat or touch the fruit of this tree; if we do, we shall die.

**SNAKE** Come on, Eve. Of course you will not die. God knows that as soon as you eat it, your eyes will be opened and you will be like God, knowing good and evil.

**EVE** If God says no, that's good enough for me. And what's so special about that tree anyway. There are lots of trees that are just as good. The fig tree, for example. That's a pretty tree—tasty fruit, too—although I don't see any use for the fig leaves. The quince I transplanted is doing nicely, thank you. And besides, Adam and I had a serious talk just this morning over our all-natural breakfast and we resolved, and we are in complete agreement that...

**SNAKE** Very healthy, those apples. Keeps the doctor away, you know.

**EVE** I get my daily intake of Vitamin A from waxbeans, Vitamin B from various complexes, Vitamin C from rosehips, Vitamin D from... O dear!—The Celestial Choir rehearsing their new material. What a sanctimonious crew they are!

**CELESTIAL CHOIR** Don't forget to read the bible,  
In the early days of youth,  
Every morning, every evening,  
Fill your minds with sacred truth.  
Read the bible, read the bible,  
For a guide to you 'tis given;  
Read the bible, read the bible,  
It will lead you up to heaven!

**CHORUS** Read the bible, read the bible,  
It will lead you up to heaven.

**CELESTIAL CHOIR** Has your heart grown sad and weary,  
Full of sorrow, grief and care!  
"Come to me, ye heavy laden,"  
Take your bible, read it there!  
Read how God in sweet compassion  
Set aside one day in seven,  
That we all might read the message  
Sent to guide us all to heaven!

**CHORUS** Read the bible, read the bible,  
It will lead you up to heaven.

**CELESTIAL CHOIR** Read the epic of creation.  
Read of Noah and his ark.  
Read how Daniel was delivered  
from the lions' den so dark.  
Read ere sickness comes upon you.  
Read ere earthly ties are riven!

Read the bible, read the bible,  
It will lead you up to heaven.

CHORUS Read the bible, read the bible,  
It will lead you up to heaven.

CELESTIAL CHOIR Read about the plagues in Egypt  
and the parting sea so red.  
Read how Moses led the Children,  
how they were with manna fed.  
Read the exploits there of David—  
with Goliath how he'd striven.  
Read the bible's sacred pages.  
They will lead you up to heaven.

CHORUS Read the bible, read the bible,  
It will lead you up to heaven.

CELESTIAL CHOIR Read of Jonah's awesome saga  
in the belly of the fish,  
and John's Baptist head presented  
to Salome on a dish.  
Read about the foolish virgins,  
how the Kingdom is like leaven.  
These and other stories read there.  
They will lead you up to heaven.

CHORUS Read the bible, read the bible,  
It will lead you up to heaven.

EVE What a preachy text!

SNAKE Agreed. But you must admit that they sing  
better than they used to. Confidentially,  
though, I do miss the trombones in their  
*Hallelujah Chorus*. Well, gotta wriggle off. I've  
just spotted a fat caterpillar that would be  
delicious for my coffee break. Why not have an  
apple for yours? See you around!

EVE With Adam I resolved  
to do as we were bidden.  
God's wishes to obey.  
although their meaning hidden.

More beautiful this tree  
than others in the garden.  
If sweet the fruit allowed,  
how tastes the fruit forbidden?

GABRIEL Hello, Eve.

EVE Hello, Gabriel.

GABRIEL Where's Adam?

EVE He's a bit poorly this morning, I'm sorry to say.  
Same old complaint—sore ribcage, you know.  
He says he's not been the same since the  
operation. But what brings you here?

GABRIEL Well, I've been looking into my *Future Book* and  
reading some marvelous recipes from *The  
French Chef Cookbook*. Here's one for apple  
charlotte, and a nifty one for moulded apple  
custard. And then there are some apple fillings  
for crepes, apple marmalade, apple tart and in  
the index a reference to *pommes*. (That's French  
for *apples*).

EVE Not you, too! I may not know good and evil but  
I sure can tell when you and Snake are up to  
something.

GABRIEL Eve, I must talk seriously to you. Did you know  
that you're causing my *Future Book* all sorts of  
grave problems? Many pages incomplete—  
many totally blank. Look here, for instance.

Here's Bach, who wants to compose a work entitled "Adam's Fall."

**EVE** Adam's Fall? Fall? Well, that is ridiculous! Everyone knows that it's always summer in the garden. We don't have seasons.

**GABRIEL** I'll pretend I didn't hear that one. Then look at this page. No, this one over here. John Milton has started a long, long poem about Paradise. Incomplete. *Your* fault. The poets and composers union is threatening a strike. You *must* try. You've got to let a little sin come into the world.

**EVE** With Adam I resolved  
to do as we were bidden.  
God's wishes to obey,  
although their meaning hidden.

If taking one small bite,  
scarce more than just a nibble,  
would help the artists' plight,  
then surely who could quibble?

**SNAKE** Hello, Eve. Just passing through. (Why doesn't she just go away?) My caterpillar was yummy. How was your *apple*?

**EVE** With Adam I resolved  
to do as we were bidden.  
God's wishes to obey,  
although their meaning hidden.

But fruit so ripe and red  
plucked from the tree of knowledge  
might make me bright just like  
a graduate of college.

### Scene 3

**CHORUS** O tree fulfilled with blame, o tree of burden  
and bliss and fiery juice and taste of sin  
like fruit, o prominent plant, o stem of pain,  
o apple-bleeding branch in a myth of garden  
where jungle festered and the fang was hidden  
and God dissembled to his creature man,  
and truth spoke from a snake; o tree made  
plain

by wrath: see, before the bole is rotten  
you shall connive again against a man,  
and sweat with sap exacted from his eyes,  
blaze by his anguish, and be bled into  
in wounds like his through the solitudi-  
nous night, and be recited later o less  
and less a tree, and more and more a cross.

—*Tree of Blame*, by Norma Farber

**DEUS EX MACHINA** Adam, where are you?

**ADAM** I heard the sounds as you were walking in the  
garden, and I was afraid because I was naked,  
and I hid myself.

**DEUS EX MACHINA** Who told you you were naked? Have you eaten  
from the tree which I forbade you?

**ADAM** The woman you gave me for a companion, she  
gave me fruit from the tree and I ate it.

**DEUS EX MACHINA** Eve, what is this that you have done?

**EVE** The serpent tricked me, and I ate.

**DEUS EX MACHINA** Snake, because you have done this you are  
accursed more than all cattle and all wild  
creatures. On your belly you shall crawl, and



dust you shall eat all the days of your life. I will put enmity between you and the woman, between your brood and hers. They shall strike at your head, and you shall strike at their heel.

Eve, I will increase your labor and your groaning, and in labor you shall bear children. You shall be eager for your husband, and he shall be your master.

Adam, because you have listened to your wife and have eaten from the tree which I forbade you, accursed shall be the ground on your account. With labor you shall win your food from it all the days of your life. It will grow thorns and thistles for you, none but wild plants for you to eat. You shall gain your bread by the sweat of your brow until you return to the ground; for from it you were taken. Dust you are, to dust you shall return.

**CHORUS** How like a man that earliest Adam blamed  
Eve in a grove, as if he manly ate  
evil for chivalry's sake, and if that meat  
dried up in his mouth with dread. How he  
disclaimed  
the pulp a petal on his tongue, the inflamed  
fruit-skin a sunrise glutting in his throat.  
How he contemned the trespass now too late,  
and the reptile writing and the woman  
becalmed;  
while Eve: while downcast Eve upheld the  
snake  
for its true serpenthood, upheld the tree  
laden with ache, upheld the ache, and the sky

clouded with dark Jehovah. And her nakedness and self alone did not uphold,  
but covered up her shame, and still was cold.

—*While Eve*, by Norma Farber

#### Scene 4

**ADAM** Bad show, Eve.

**EVE** I know. And we can't go back, I fear.

**ADAM** Not while Jophiel stands there holding that flaming sword and guards the gates.

**EVE** O Adam, look at us now—exiles. Our home gone, our innocence gone, reduced to a fading memory.

**ADAM AND EVE** How beautiful the garden!—  
warm the days,  
cool the nights.  
What peace was there!

The trees grew tall in Eden,  
sweet their fruit,  
soft their shade,  
their perfumes rare.

The judgment harsh upon us—  
for our sin  
driven hence  
from Paradise.

For ever lost, the garden!  
Gone our joys,  
past our bliss,  
ne'er to return.

**ADAM** I'll miss the garden and our friends.

**EVE** Adam, that snake was a bad influence on you.

**ADAM** He tricked you, I notice.

**EVE** I wonder if the pages in Gabriel's *Future Book* are complete now. And I wonder what they say we are going to do.

**ADAM** That we'll never know. But first of all we'd better go job-hunting.

**EVE** We already have our work cut out for us, Adam, if we're to be the parents of the whole human race. And there is one solace, despite our expulsion from the Garden—although we now are mortal, at least we have knowledge to learn to enjoy sin.

**SOLI AND CHORUS** Welcome, sin!  
Do come in.  
Here on earth  
joy and mirth  
on us bestow.

Enter, love!  
From above  
in the air,  
everywhere,  
delight us now.

Hello, bliss!  
Here's a kiss.  
And my heart  
for its part  
will send you more.

Greetings, fun,  
now begun!  
First we knock,  
then unlock  
enchantment's door.

**ADAM AND EVE** It was all for an apple  
our trouble began,  
from the tree in the garden,  
the downfall of man.

The apple, the apple to sin  
it us led.  
Though it was our ruin  
we now are pursuin'  
the pleasures and pastimes ahead.

**CHORUS** An apple a day  
keeps the doctor away,  
And apple brought frolic,  
best cure for the colic,  
to people all over the world.

**TUTTI** Welcome, sin! (*reprise*)

Shout for joy,  
girl and boy!  
Voices raise  
now in praise  
of lusty hours.

Let's all join  
in the strain.  
Music, thrill  
us until  
our loves are ours.

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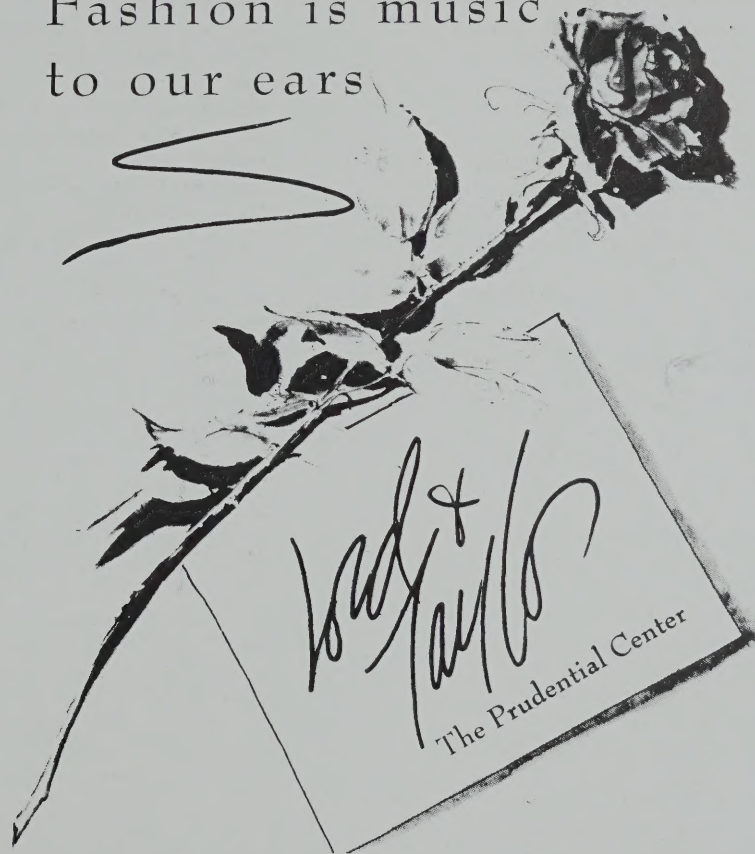
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